(Copy)

Roxbury, May 11, 1877

Dear Mrs Chapman:

The weather was so stormy yesterday, that I deemed it best to postpone my visit to Weymouth until this afternoon; but to-day I have received a telegram from my son Wendell, at Orange, N.J., stating that his beloved wife Lucy died this morning, and that the funeral will take place on Monday next. I shall therefore be deprived of the pleasure of seeing you and Caroline and Deborah, as I am hastily making my arrangements to leave for New York to-morrow, and do not expect to return to Boston before embarking for Liverpool on the 23d inst. In the interim I shall be, first, at the Park with Wendell and the family; and, next, with Fanny at the Westminster Hotel in New York; perhaps spending a day or two in Philadelphia.

The death of one so intelligent, beautiful, loved and loving as was Lucy would be one of the saddest of bereavements, were it not that, if her life had been spared, she would never have had the use of her limbs or of her speech. Her case was one of combined epilepsy and paralysis. She survived the attack just a fortnight, but never once during that time evinced any intelligent recognition, either of her husband or mother, or any one else.

How uncertain is life! Three weeks ago, she seemed unusually well for her, and was making arrangements to accompany Frank and myself to England.

Should you have occasion to write again, a letter addressed to me to the care of my son Wendell P. Garrison, Office of the Nation, New York City, any time before the 22d inst. will be in season to reach me. If you have any parcel that you would like to transmit to any of your loved ones abroad, it will give me great pleasure to take it, and see it safely delivered. I am cherishing the pleasing hope that I may see

your Sister Anna, Mr and Mrs Lauged, &c., in London; but if they are residing in Paris, I shall regretfully lose the opportunity.

With the warmest regards to you all as a family, I remain, dear Mrs Chapman,

Yours, with my best wishes,

Wm Lloyd Garrison.

P. S. This letter was intended for yesterday's mail, but the delay in sending it enables me to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of your sympathetic letter of yesterday.

The kind contribution you intend for the M. R. Robinson fund may be sent to my son, W. L. G. Jr., 18 Matthews Street, Boston, Mass., who will see that it is duly sent, in accordance with the direction given to me by Miss Webb.

Farewell! — and yet once more, farewell!

May 11. 1877